

## COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

### FLAT RIVER

Val Smith, formerly of here but now of Silver Springs, spent the week-end here visiting his sons, Albert, Irvin and Harry.

Mrs. Walter Aldridge and little daughter, Vena, went Tuesday to spend the week at the home of her parents near Resells. Her brother, Dave Westmoreland, accompanied her.

Mrs. Emma Cozani left Tuesday to visit relatives in and near Cornwall. Miss Lucille Bennett received the news that a friend of hers, Mr. Ralph Pfremmer, at the Great Lakes Training Station, had in some way been injured and sent to his home at Baxter Springs, Kans.

Miss Mary Thomsen of Cantwell was guest of Mrs. Henry Payne the past week.

Mrs. L. R. Poston and Miss Lucille Bennett visited in Desloge Thursday.

Miss Edith Benham visited her parents in Bonne Terre Sunday.

Gilbert Hudson of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, is here visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Bennett.

Mrs. A. V. Smith and Miss Virgie Mabuce were guests of Mrs. J. P. Miller of Desloge Friday.

Walter Pritchett has sold his property in East Flat River to Mr. Swearingen.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Massy has been very ill with diphtheria this week.

Tom Pritchett of Route 6, Farmington, spent Tuesday and Wednesday visiting his son, Frank, and wife.

Miss Ella Davis of Farmington was guest of Mrs. Henry Payne Tuesday.

D. A. Lassiter and little son, Paul, of Bellview were guests of Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Meadows Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bunyard and son and daughter of Piedmont stopped overnight on their way to St. Louis with their niece, Mrs. A. A. Meadows.

Mr. and Mrs. Bart McClintock and little daughter, Nellie Blanche, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Abshier and daughters, Misses Vida and Ila, and Joe Elledge motored to Iron Mountain Lake Sunday evening and had supper.

Miss Audrey Meadows was shopping in Farmington Saturday.

Mrs. A. A. Meadows was shopping in Farmington Friday.

Mrs. Daniel Edsel of St. Louis and children Wilma and Tommy, are spending the week here visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Lydia Ledbetter left for Oran Thursday, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. E. D. Owen, for several days.

Miss Edith Benham was a business visitor in Desloge Tuesday.

Ralph Tucker left Wednesday for West Point, where he will attend military school. His mother accompanied him as far as St. Louis.

Mrs. J. W. Nicholson is reported on the sick list this week.

Mrs. J. H. Patrick visited her sister, Mrs. Frank Profit, at Cantwell, Wednesday.

Mrs. J. Bouthillier of Los Angeles, Calif., is here on an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. J. H. Kirkland.

Miss Orrine Hise of Desloge was guest of Miss Pauline Tucker Sunday.

Miss Ida May Kennedy visited Miss Ethel Pennington of Desloge Thursday night.

Mrs. J. H. Kirkland and Miss Minnie White were shopping in St. Louis Tuesday.

Miss Alva Burns and Miss Lucy Alexander spent the week-end visiting relatives in Leadwood.

Misses Ada Browning and Constance Sullivan were Desloge visitors Sunday.

Misses Ruth and Mary Estes were Desloge visitors Sunday.

Mrs. W. H. Patrick received the sad news of the death of the wife of her son, Roy Sands, who lives in St. Louis. Mrs. Sands passed away Monday, Nov. 4th, at the age of 23 years.

Deceased leaves an infant son only 8 days old, a husband, father, mother, and eight brothers and sisters to mourn her death. Mrs. Sands took influenza and was sick only a few days.

Misses Melba and Iva Haney are visiting Mrs. Lee Moran at Libertyville, this week.

Corporal Mack Hatter of the Marine Corps, from Indian Head, Maryland, was guest of J. H. Kennedy and family several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tetley of Farmington were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Ed Griffin.

Miss Nettie Moon received a letter from Private Howard McCarty, who was sent to France about two

months ago and who is now in a base hospital wounded, having lost a lower limb. He had gone over the top the second time when he was wounded. He writes he expects to be home by Christmas. The parents of Private McCarthy are Mr. and Mrs. M. B. McCarthy, living near Bonne Terre.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Mayberry received the sad news of the death of Mr. Mayberry's brother at Newport News, Va. James Wm. Mayberry died Oct. 23d, of pneumonia following influenza and was brought home for burial Oct. 30th, to Goodwater, Mo. He leaves a father and mother, five sisters and three brothers.

Miss Minnie White, whose home is in Fredericktown, and who is now teaching at Elvins has been the guest of Mrs. J. H. Kirkland this week. She had gone to her home but expected the school to reopen and returned Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Alexander and Mrs. A. A. Estes and little daughter, Blanche, visited Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Moore Sunday at Libertyville.

Paul McNew is rapidly recovering from typhoid fever.

Miss Bonnie Scott was a business visitor in Bonne Terre Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Cozcan and son, Hugo, and Misses Lizzie, Esther and Polly Rinke and Miss Nellie Fake of Bonne Terre motored to Cornwall Saturday and visited Mr. Cozcan's mother, returning Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Woodmansee were called to Oak Grove, near Fredericktown, Monday, on account of the death of the mother of Mr. Woodmansee. Death was caused from pneumonia.

### ROUTE 3

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harter and son spent Sunday afternoon with Amasa Vaughn and family.

Otto Shinn motored to Coffman Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Audie Brannon spent the first of the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bloom.

Miss Mary Swearingin is spending the week with home folks.

Misses Effie Williams, Edith Shinn and Jane Horn and Herman Shinn and Ted Horn motored to Iron Mountain Lake Sunday afternoon.

Misses Rutha Bowling, Jewel and Harriett Gregory and Perry and Carter Hammors and Harry Gregory motored to Farmington Sunday afternoon.

Miss Mamie Counts and grandmother, Mrs. Tom Depper, spent Sunday and Monday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Counts.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Boyd and son, Delmer, spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boyd.

Miss Rutha Bowling of Yount is spending the week with relatives on this route.

Nathaniel J. Cowley of this route died of pneumonia Oct. 29th, at Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas. He was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cowley. He was married to Miss Jennie Coffey, daughter of Rev. W. E. Coffey, last January, and went to training camp from Ste. Genevieve September 6th. His wife received a telegram telling of his serious illness and left immediately, and was with him about 24 hours before he died.

Besides his wife, he leaves a father, mother, two brothers, three sisters and a host of relatives and friends to mourn his death. His body arrived here Saturday noon and Rev. Carter Martin conducted the funeral. He was laid to rest at Pleasant Hill cemetery Sunday.

### BISMARCK

Dr. C. C. Kerlagon was a professional visitor in Desloge Monday.

Dr. F. W. Gale and daughter, Lillian spent Monday in St. Louis.

F. F. Beard made a business trip to Elvins Tuesday.

Miss Mary Sinclair spent last week with Bismarck relatives.

Miss Nellie Black, who is teaching in the schools of Elvins, spent a few days this week with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Beard.

Miss Nellie Lucas of Caledonia spent Sunday and Monday with Bismarck friends. She was en route to Cape Girardeau to visit relatives.

James Devine made a business trip to Farmington Monday.

Misses Lucille Thompson and Essie Anderson returned home Sunday after spending the week end with Mrs. Lucas of Caledonia.

Miss Lena Barton of near Farmington was in Bismarck Tuesday en route to Nellyville, Ark. to visit her

aunt.

Miss Kathleen Lenz and Viola Beard returned to Doe Run Sunday to take up their work in the school there.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Agnew Thursday.

Mrs. F. F. Beard is spending the week with St. Louis relatives.

The influenza ban was lifted Saturday night. There was church at all of the churches Sunday and Sunday night. School opened Monday morning but several new cases have been reported and it is probable that everything will be closed again.

Mrs. Allison and little daughter, Gene, left for Pittsburg, Penn., Monday. From there they will go to New York where they will spend the winter with relatives.

Miss Craft returned Sunday after spending several days with home folks at Fredericktown.

The remains of Charley Franz, who died in camp one day last week, was brought here Monday. Interment was in the Masonic Cemetery. A short funeral service was conducted at the cemetery by the Catholic priest from Arcadia. Mr. Franz had many friends in Bismarck who extend to the bereaved their entire sympathy. He was the first boy from Bismarck to make the supreme sacrifice.

### VALLES MINES

Misses Gladys and Bernice Premo of Bonne Terre were guests of relatives here a few days during the week.

Miss Ada Heaton visited her sister, Mrs. H. C. Rhodes, Thursday.

Miss Gustina Buscher visited relatives in St. Louis Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Gentry Larkins, who has been visiting her parents here, has returned to her home in E. St. Louis.

Harvey Rowe is very sick with pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rougely and daughter of Festus are visiting at the home of R. H. Rowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Richardson and daughter of Bonne Terre were Valles Mines visitors Saturday.

Mrs. J. F. Waller and son, Arnon, of Hazel Run were guests of Mrs. Smith Waller Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Heaton and children were guests of their daughter, Mrs. H. C. Rhodes, Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Nees of Bonne Terre was guest of relatives here Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Whitesell visited at the home of Mrs. Effie Turley Friday and Saturday.

Miss Ada Heaton made a business trip to Bonne Terre Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McClain and son of Bonne Terre were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bunt Sunday and Monday.

Shelt Richardson was a Desloge visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Rowe and children visited at the home of R. H. Rowe.

Mrs. Jas. Bunt, Mrs. C. R. McClain and son, Carl, and Miss Mary Statzel were guests of Mrs. Pete Turley Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rhodes visited at the home of Wm. E. Heaton Monday and Tuesday.

There will be church services here Sunday night. Everybody invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Decker and daughters, Sadie and Alice, visited their daughter and sister, Mrs. Monroe Nash, a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Rhodes visited at the home of Geo. Whitesell Sunday.

Misses Ada and Olga Heaton visited at the home of Smith Waller Sunday.

Jake Buscher was a Bonne Terre visitor Monday.

Miss Elsie Heaton visited at the home of Dr. C. W. Shannon Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nash and children visited at the home of Jess Nash from Friday until Sunday.

Steve Sykes, Luther Turley, Jas. Thurman, Lawrence Richardson were in St. Louis on business Monday.

Mrs. Smith Waller and children visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moore, of Flat River, a few days during the week.

### DOWN AND OUT AT FORTY-FIVE

(The following article by Walt Mason, famous throughout the Nation as a writer and author of prose-poems, was recently published in the American Magazine.)

On October 12, 1907, I arrived in Emporia, Kansas, to begin at the bottom and work up.

I was forty-five years old, and my assets consisted of the hand-me-downs I wore, an extra shirt, \$1.35 in money, and an old pony and buggy. I had no ambition, and no confidence in the future; everything of that kind had been licked out of me, and the only thing I was conscious of was a profoundest discouragement. The "bottom" had fallen out of the planetary system so far as I was concerned.

I was not the victim of the cruel world, or a stony-hearted society. I was the victim of my own folly. I had spent all the best years of my life with the prodigal sons, holding was-sail in wayside inns; and when I arrived in Emporia I was fresh from an institution in Kansas City where pickled people have the alcohol boiled out of them, and are supposed to be sent forth as good as new.

I began my newspaper career when I was twenty-two years old. Before that, for several years, I had been working on Kansas farms, where I achieved a reputation as the worst hired hand in the State. I had a mania for writing and was setting down gems of thought when I should have been currying mules or milking cows, and employing farmers don't take kindly to literary work. My one ambition was to do newspaper work; and one winter day I absconded from the farm and went to seek my fortune. I managed to get a job as telegraph editor of a Kansas morning paper; the work kept me at my desk until the cock was crowing aloof, and when the paper had gone to press the night editor, the city editor and I repaired to a little booth around the corner, where

an un-moral citizen sold fire-water. There we sat until broad daylight, every morning, telling stories and quaffing the kind nepenthe.

And there I acquired a taste for conviviality that stuck to me until my mane was getting gray. In those halcyon days most newspaper men were partial to the flowing bowl. The young man who refused to look upon the wine was considered effeminate. In fact there was a superstitious belief, in newspaper offices, that one couldn't be a good reporter unless he was a good "mixer," and he couldn't be a good mixer unless he was at all times ready to consume his share of booze. There was some foundation for this theory, in those grand old days when city councilmen were recruited from the saloon keepers, and caucuses and conventions were held in the back rooms of grog parlors.

While this theory survived, I never had trouble getting employment. I drifted around the country from one town to another. Being of a happy-go-lucky disposition, I gave no thought to the future. Sufficient to the day was the evil, or good, thereof. Because I seemed able to get a job whenever I wanted one, it never occurred to me that conditions might change—and I wouldn't have cared if they had. I was known in all Western newspaper offices, and one reason why I could always get employment was that I was "a hog for work" so long as I lasted. In all my experience I have known but one man who could turn out as much copy, day after day, the year round. This was Ed. Howe, of the Atchison "Globe" for whom I worked for a year and a half.

Some newspaper proprietors considered it a blessing when I turned up; for I would turn in and write the whole editorial page, and edit the telegraph, and read proofs, and do as much as three ordinary people would do. This is not a boast. There are many editors who will endorse the statement. I always tackled a new job with a virtuous determination to cut out the fool habits for good. I was going to turn over a new leaf and be a shining example to the young. Time and again I fooled my employers as well as myself. For two or three weeks I would live like an anchorite and break all hard-work records; the managing editor would raise my wages every week, and take me into his private office to tell me that if I kept up my present lick he would give me the half of his kingdom, and the hand of his daughter in marriage, or words to that effect. I had a dozen such opportunities to establish myself firmly in fine situations. But my virtuous resolves never lasted longer than two or three weeks.

I would equip myself with a good suit of clothes, and purple and fine linen, and become obtrusively respectable, and then of a sudden there would come a great longing for the gilded saloon and the company of the people who drank not wisely but too well; and then, poof! away would fly all the excellent resolutions, and I'd wake up some fine morning in a lively stable to find that my raiment was in the pawnshop, and I couldn't remember whether it was Wednesday or the Chinese New Year.

In November of one immemorial year I was seated in a beautifully furnished editorial room, the star man of a great and growing newspaper. The managing editor thought so much of my work, and was so convinced that I had reformed for good, that he had fitted up this sumptuous office for my exclusive use. I was honored and petted in every possible way. In the following February I was shoveling snow off the sidewalks in an Iowa town, to get the price of a feed and bunk.

I will give a concrete instance of this sort of experience: I blew into Denver, one cold day, shivering in a suit that would have been considered too gauzy in Florida. I was penniless and hungry, and, as I had been sleeping box cars for two nights, I looked like something left over from a rummage sale. I went into the office of the Denver "News" and found John Arkins, who was the editor and proprietor. He knew my reputation, and considered me so amusing he laughed for an hour before handing over five dollars. Then he told me I could contribute at space rates if I wished.

I was simply overflowing with good resolutions. At last I had seen the error of my ways, and was going to abandon the husks and the swine. "Never again," said I, in ringing tones. I got me a humble hall room in a cheap boarding house, and a pad of paper and a pencil and wrote a column or two of highly moral paragraphs. The "News" printed them next morning, and another batch next day, and in a week they formed a feature that Denver was talking about. I had letters of approval from clergymen and merchant princes, and invitations to everything.

One day Mr. Arkins called me into his private office for a heart-to-heart talk. First, he gave me an order for a suit of clothes, no price limit set, and explained that this was a present. Then he told me that my stuff promised to be of value to the paper, and if I would behave myself and abandon that conduct which had made my name a hissing in newspaper offices from Dan to Beersheba, my future was assured. The "News" didn't quarrel over wages when it found something it wanted. I assured Mr. Arkins with tears in my eyes, that my good resolutions were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and also had a strong family resemblance to the Rock of Gibraltar. Thrones might crumble and dynasties crash, but my resolutions would rise triumphant above the wreck of matter.

"Go and get your suit of clothes," said Mr. Arkins, "and come around tomorrow ready for regular work."

I went forth and got the suit of clothes. I don't remember what happened after that. Two or three days later I woke up at Ogden, Utah, and I have never known why I went there or how I got there.

This was the sort of life I led for many years. If one is young, and has a sense of humor, such ups and downs don't matter. But one cannot always be young, and a sense of humor becomes frayed along the edges after a while.

Conditions were changing in news-

## Sunday Closing

Commencing next Sunday, Nov. 10th, the Bethel Cash Meat Market and the Burnett Meat Market will be closed all day each Sunday during the winter months.

All orders for morning delivery must be in by 10 a. m. and afternoon deliveries must be in by 4 p. m.

Edw. Bethel  
Tom Burnett

paper offices and I was so busy that I didn't notice it. The old superstition that a reporter should be a good mixer and hence a competent drinker, had died the death. A red nose was no longer a recommendation when one applied for a job in a newspaper office. So, when, at the ripe age of forty-five, I found myself in that bleaching institution at Kansas City, I slowly realized that I was worse than down and out. I was a back number, a has-been. And I no longer had the resiliency of youth. I was feeling very old and humble and useless.

I wrote to editors everywhere, describing my circumstances, and offering to work for any old wage that would assure me a place to sleep and a meal ticket. I went to a daily newspaper in Kansas City and offered to write the whole editorial page for twelve dollars a week. But there was nothing doing. My reputation for unreliability was against me. Those were sickening days, when every mail brought replies from editors, explaining why they couldn't give me work, kindly trying to let me down easy. There seemed to be no place for me anywhere.

Then one weary day I picked up an old magazine and read an article by William Allen White. It was a good article, so full of humor and kindness that I thought he was a man who might understand. So I wrote to him, asking if he couldn't give me some little job on his newspaper to carry me along until I could get something else.

In a few days I would have to leave the boiling-hot institution and had no place to go. Mr. White was in Colorado, and my letter had been forwarded to him, so there was a delay in getting a reply. Somehow, I had counted on a favorable word from him, and as day after day went by, and the mail brought nothing, my hopelessness became absolute. Then, when I had ceased to expect a reply, there came a long, generous letter, telling me to go to Emporia and make myself useful until he returned home, and then we'd discuss ways and means together.

I believe that was the gladdest hour of my life. You have to be down and out and well stricken in years, and ashamed that you are alive, to understand the joy of having one more chance.

And so, one October evening, as the sun was slowly sinking behind the western hills, a solitary horseman might have been seen pushing his jaded steed into Emporia. The next morning I reported for work at the "Gazette" office, and a small corner was cleared for me in Mr. White's private office.

I have said that I had a reputation as "a hog for work," and I lived up to it now. Work had become a sort of passion with me. It enabled me to forget for a while that I was forty-five and dead broke, and starting in again at the foot of the ladder, in worse shape than when I first entered a newspaper office. I was a superfluity in the "Gazette" office; there was no real place for me; a place had been made, just to give me a chance, and of course the wages were small.

But I wrote so much stuff the printers were in panic; and I was at my job by sunrise, and worked at it in the evening by lamplight. After two or three weeks Mr. White came home, and I'll never forget his hearty greeting. I had never seen him before, but he acted as though I were the long-lost Charlie Ross.

"You've been writing wonderful stuff, Walt," he cried. "Come up to my house tonight. I want to have a talk with you."

I went and we had the talk, and my wages were raised, and I was assured that there was a place for me on the "Gazette" as long as I wanted it. This was balm in Gilead.

A heart-breaking time followed. In my days of riotous living I had piled up a mountain of debts. They had never troubled me when I had been stayed with flagons; but when my creditors heard that I was working and earning money, they came down on me, not as single spies, but in battalions. There were lawyers and bailiffs and collectors hot on my trail all the time, and I saw that it would take me ninety-nine years to pay them all, and the weight of discouragement oppressed me again.

Had it not been for the cheery sympathy of Mr. White on those dreary days, I'd have given up trying. His sympathy wasn't the easy stuff that exhausts itself in words. In fact he never talked about my worries; but I knew he understood them, and he let me know he was ready to help me out in any way, at any time. But he preferred to see me work out my own salvation. It was by manifest-

ing his confidence in me that he kept me to the mark. I admired him so much, and was so hungry for his approval, that I was determined to make good if it were in me to do it.

And all the time the fleshpots were calling. If I quit work for an hour I could hear the march of the prodigal sons, and yearned to be with them.

There was a day when the managing editor wanted a stickful of stuff in a hurry, to fill a corner on the front page. It was a Saturday, and I sat down and wrote a little rhyme in prose form, urging people to go to church next day. I had been writing such little rhymes for years. When working for the Atchison "Globe" I used to write the advertisements of grocers and coal dealers in verse, and throughout my newspaper career I employed the talent indiscriminately. I always could write verse as easily as prose. The rhymes form themselves in my head as fast as I can write them down. I am never stuck for a rhyme. It there is a word in any corner of the language that will rhyme with another, it bobs up in my mind without effort.

The verse I wrote for the "Gazette" was printed with a border around it, and caused some comment. So I wrote another on Monday, and a third on Thursday, and so on. The verses became a feature of the first page. In the beginning they treated of local topics exclusively, then they had a wide range, and newspapers all over the country were copying them. It never occurred to me that the rhymes had possibilities as money-makers.

But one day Mr. White said, in that friendly way of his, "Walt, it's time we began to figure on getting you something for those rhymes. I have been waiting to see if you could keep up your lick before talking about it. You seem to be an inexhaustible fountain of verse, and I believe you can keep it up indefinitely. The newspapers are using the rhymes everywhere, and I am sure they'd pay something for them. Now, I am going to write to a friend of mine who syndicates things, and I feel sure he will sell those verses so you'll have quite an income from them."

Then he wrote to Mr. George Matthews Adams, with the result that the latter agreed to syndicate the poems. He hadn't much faith in the proposition, for poetry has always been regarded, by publishers and syndicate men, as something to be touched with a ten-foot pole. At the beginning of the experiment Mr. Adams paid me eighteen dollars a week for six rhymes, and this, added to my wages from the "Gazette", seemed opulence and restored some of my natural optimism. I began to think that perhaps God was in His heaven, after all.

The rhymes caught on, and every month or two Mr. Adams added something to my pay. That was more than eight years ago, and he has been as the same trick ever since. I have never asked him to add a dollar to my pay. He has kept on increasing the stipend with untiring generosity, and at the present time he probably pays me more than any other man ever received for rhyme alone.

It is ten years since I came to Emporia, with my extra shirt and my \$1.35. Emporia has been a tender nurse to me, and I expect, and hope, to potter around under her ancestral elms until Joe Dumm calls for me with his six-cylinder motor hearse. Since prosperity overtook me I have received flattering offers from Chicago and New York—even from London. But little old Emporia is good enough for me. The people here know me for the stuffed prophet I am, and won't allow me to get swelled up with false pride. When I begin to feel important, and realize that my hat is too small, I meet Carl Ricker or Harry Peach, or somebody else who knew me when I had only one extra shirt, and I know I can't get by with any pose. I feel that this chastening of the spirit is good for me, so I remain in Emporia.

I have a sumptuous automobile with all modern improvements, and sometimes when I am jaunting along the road I begin to feel that the sun rises and sets somewhere in my neighborhood. Then I see a landmark that my weary eyes beheld ten years ago, when I had only one extra shirt and I quit trying to look like Washington crossing the Delaware. Such things are good for me, for I don't want success to give me the idea that I am not a false alarm; so I remain in Emporia.

Now, there would be no sense in writing or printing such a story as this unless it has a moral. The Editor of the American Magazine believed my story might have value as showing that a has-been can come back—and that is the moral.

## NEW QUARTERS

I am now ready for business in my new quarters in the Rickus Building, on Columbia street, where I am prepared to give customers much better attention than was possible in the old quarters.

In this large and splendidly located room I will have sufficient space to display my large and varied stock of

Furniture and Second-hand Goods to much better advantage than has been possible in the past.

In my new quarters customers have an opportunity to see and inspect the many bargains I am offering them, much more satisfactory than they have been able to in the past.

You are cordially invited to come to my new place of business and if you do not buy it will be because you cannot find the particular thing you may want.

I CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON YOUR PURCHASES.